Wake Up

Twisted Insane

Wake up, still drunk from the night be-
Fo' and I gotta go out that do', bitch, I might be
Late to a nigga's show off that Long Island Iced Tea
Always do it for the Sick, I don't give a shit who don't like me
In my Nike Cortez on the highway to the function
I'ma listen to the Brainsick, blood, fuck what you bumpin'
You can bring it to the black top, all fades with no jump-ins
I don't even gotta think about it, I be in the front seat straight dumpin'
Get up in the ring, bing-bing, them over with
Try to get up in the whip and get the top [?] that Oprah get
Murder anybody when I get up on the mic, man, they know this shit
'Bout to get up in that ass but then [*cough*] this Covid hit

Shit!

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